and furd-gownes hides all. Get thee glaſſe eyes, and like a ſcurvy politician, ſeeme to ſee the things thou doeſt not; No, now pull off my boots, harder, harder, ſo.

Edg. O matter and impertinency, mixt reaſon in madneſſe.

Lear. If thou wilt weepe my fortune, take my eyes; I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloſter, thou muſt be patient, we came crying hither: thou knowſt the firſt time that we ſmell the aire, we waile and cry. I will preach to thee, marke me.

Glo. Alack, alack, the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we crie that wee are come to this great ſtage of fooles: this a good blocke. It were a delicate ſtratagem to ſhoot a troope of horſe with fell, and when I haue ſtole vpon theſe ſonnes in law, then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter three Gentlemen.

Gent. O here he is, lay hands vpon him ſirs.

Lear. No reſcue, what a priſoner? I am eene the naturall foole of Fortune: vſe me well, you ſhall haue a ranſom. Let me haue a Chirurgeon, I am cut to'th braines.

Gent. You ſhall haue any thing.

Lear. No ſeconds, all my ſelfe: why this would make a man of ſalt to vſe his eyes for garden water-pottes, I and laying Autumnes duſt. *Gent.* Good Sir.

Lear. I will dye bravely like a Bridegroome. What, I will bee iouiall: Come, come, I am a King my maſters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royall one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then theres life in't, nay if you get it you ſhall get it with running. *Exit King running.*

Gent. A ſight moſt pittifull in the meaneſt wretch, paſt ſpeaking of in a king: thou haſt one daughter who redeemes nature from the generall curſe which twaine hath brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle ſir.

Gent. Sir ſpeed you, what's your will?

Edg. Do you heare ought of a battell toward?

Gent. Moſt ſure and vulgar, euery ones heares
That can diſtinguiſh ſenſe.

Edg. But by your fauour, how neeres the other army?

Gent.

Gent. Neere and on ſpeed
Stands on the bourely thou
Edg. I thanke you ſir, th
Gent. Though that the
His army is mou'd on.
Edg. I thanke you ſir.
Glo. You euer gentle go
Let not my worſer ſpirit t
To dye before you pleaſe.
Edg. Well pray you fath
Glo. Now good ſir what
Edg. A moſt poore man,
Who by the Art of knowi
Am pregnant to good pitt
Ile leade you to ſome bidi
Gloſt. Hearty thankes,
to boot, to boot.

En

Stew. A proclaim'd priz
was firſt framed fleſh to ra
Traitor, briefely thy ſelfe
deſtroy thee.
Glo. Now let thy friend
Stew. Wherefore bolde
traytor, hence leaſt the in
thee, let go his arme.
Edg. Chill not let go ſir
Stew. Let go ſlaue, or th
Edg. Good Gentleman
and chud haue beene zwa
bene zo long by a vortnig
keepe out cheuore ye, or i
be the harder, chill be plai
Stew. Out dunghill.
Edg. Chil pick your tee

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